But welcome sweete *Clarence*, my daughter shalbe thine,
And now what restes but in nightes couerture,
Thy brother being carelesly encampt,
His Souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure:
Our Skoutes haue found the aduenture verie easie:
Then cry King *Henrie*, with resolued mindes,
And breake we presently into his tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our way in silent sort,
For *VVarwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.
War. This is his Tent, and see where his guard doth stand.
Courage my Souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* shall be ours.
All. A *VVarwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

Alarmes, and Gloster and Hastings flies.

Oxf. Who goes there?
War. *Richard* and *Hastinges*, let them go: here is the Duke.
Edw. The Duke, why *Warwicke*, when we parted last,
thou calldst me King?
VVar. I, but the case is altred now.
When you disgrast me in my Embassage,
Then I disgrast you from being King,
And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*.
Alasse how should you gouerne any Kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse Embassadours,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherly:
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enemies.
Edw. Well *Warwicke*, let Fortune doe her worst,
Edward in minde will beare himselfe a King.
War. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands king,
But *Henrie* now shall weare the English Crowne.
Goe conuey him to our brother Archbyshop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbrooke*, and his followers,
Ile come and tell thee what the Lady *Bona* sayes:
And so for a while, farewell good Duke of *Yorke*.
Exeunt some with Edward.

Cla.

Cla. What followes now, all hitherto goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters to *Fraunce*,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with speede to ioyne with vs.
VVar. I, thats the first thing that we haue to doe,
And free king *Henrie* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne.
Come, let vs haste away, and hauing past these cares,
Ile post to *Yorke*, and see how *Edward* fares.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and sir William Stanly.

Glo. Lord *Hastings* and sir *VVilliam Stanly*,
Know, that the cause I sent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this Forrest heere;
The Bishop of *Yorke* befriendes him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase:
Now I haue priuily sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him.
And see where the Huntsman and he doth come.

Enter Edward and a Huntsman.

Huntsf. This way my Lord the Deere is gone.
Ed. No this way Huntsman, see where the Keepers stand.
Now brother and the rest,
What, are you prouided to depart?
Glo. I, I, the horse standes at the Parke corner,
Come to *Linne*, and so take shipping into *Flaunders*.
Ed. Come then: *Hastings* and *Stanlie*,
I will requite your loues. Byshop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *VVarwickes* frownes:
And pray that I may repossesse the Crowne.
Now Huntsman what will you doe?
Huntsf. Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Goe with you, as tarry heere to be hangde.
Ed. Come then, lets away with speede,
Exeunt omnes.

Enter

l. 6 from end - frownes